

AUCTIONEER 5889.

"From developing the horse by training. But another step to developing him by breeding, and my interest in the horse and my love for him became so great that I was compelled to add breeding to training. Now, I had seen that the horse possessed a power analogous to that of the magnet. I reasoned that this was an unintelligent though active force. Any kind of a horse will trot until he is urged to a point beyond his trotting powers and then he will break into a gallop. This is true of anything from a Percheron to a thoroughbred. I concluded that if I could control the horse the intelligence necessary to make him do what I wanted to run I had the problem solved. This had to be done by breeding as well as training, and so I undertook the task.


"I bred thoroughbred mares to standard-bred trotters that I might get the speed and soundness of the one and the coolness and endurance of the other, and then I bred again with a view to developing the trot as a

A NUMBER of prominent men who are interested in the breeding and running of thoroughbred horses, met at New York recently to discuss means of looking into the purging of the race horse from the pursing of the race course. Among the persons present were Senator George Hearst, B. H. Haggin, August Belmont, D. D. Withers, James Galway, R. B. Baldwin, A. F. Walcott, John Hunter, John A. Morris, Col. M. Lewis Clark, A. J. Cassatt, J. G. Cassatt, S. S. Brown and Charles Reed. These men feel that something must be done to look into the matter, and they will soon refuse to attend the races. They also feel the degradation of being compelled to associate more or less with the masses which have always made attendance at a race course a reproach to decent people. While we wish these men success in their undertaking, and believe such success would be well rewarded, we do not think it wise to improve the horses of the country, it looks as if the undertaking would be too much for the

Ploughman, says:

"Prof. Atwater says there are two things for the pork producer to do: Make leaner pork and get better access to foreign markets. It is all well enough to secure foreign markets if there is a demand for pork products, but we are unable to understand the advantage of making lean pork, except in the growth of pigs that are to be consumed fresh. Every farmer's wife who is in the habit of using salt pork for cooking purposes, either for boiling or frying, which is a common mode of cooking, prefers clear fat to any mixture of fat and lean. After salting, the lean portion of pork becomes hard, and is not fit for eating in cooking. This fact alone of the fat is a very important article in household economy; baked beans or succotash would hardly be considered up to the standard without its regulation supply of pork, completely fat. There is also another

for the same elements of plant food unmix-
ed. Nearly the same deficiency was found in the
average of the 33 special manures. It will
be observed, however, that the expenses in-
curred by the manufacturers in purchasing
mixing, cost of rent and machinery, properly
entitle them to a certain amount of profit.
Eleven of the special manures were de-
signed particularly for the potato crop.
But they seem to differ widely in their com-
position, and both manufacturers and
farmers do not at all agree on what fertil-
izers are best suited to this crop. This dif-
ference of opinion, so far as field trial may
have been cited, is doubtless owing to the
great difference in the composition of the soils
existing in different localities, a matter too
large to generate any general conclusion. As stated in
the Bulletin, therefore, while it is evident
that these several brands may be good gener-
al fertilizers, the claim that they are pre-
specially adapted to the special needs of the
potato crop would be absurd.



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OF THE CHURCH

Horticultural.

Prevent Rabbits and Mice from Girdling Fruit Trees.

PARNIA, Nov. 3, 1890.

The Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have been a reader of your valuable paper for a long time and would like to ask one of its many readers the best preventive to keep mice and rabbits from girdling apple trees that have been set this fall. Some say to wind them with paper. I would like to know if this is the best. I would like to know if this is the best. I would like to know if this is the best.

W. W. CHAPMAN.

Grand River Valley Horticulture.

The October meeting of the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society was held on the 21st, at Grand Hall, Herrington. The principal question for discussion was the apple orchard, though the pruning of grape vines came up as a preliminary. President C. W. Herrington called on Vice-President Percie, who explained the renewal system of pruning a grape vine. The vine was brought in the hall in the manner it grew, and he explained it before the audience. This practical lesson was frequently interrupted by questions from those interested in the subject. If you want to know more about it, write to me.

Mr. W. H. Munson explained the Kniffin system of pruning grape vines. This system was well received by the society. Both systems are good and the friends of either had points of defense for their way in the general and lively debate which followed the remarks of these two experienced growers.

The President called on Mr. H. H. Hayes, who returned from North Carolina, to give his ideas regarding the culture for fruit growing. He had been in Folk County in the mountain range in the northwest portion of the State. Apple trees grow there to immense size and grapes were plentiful, he said, but it was no place for him to live. There were no newspapers and no schools. It was, however, a delightful climate. Moonshiners were the chief class there. Mr. Hayes brought home a specimen of locust the natives called alive on.

The picking and storage of apples, etc., was then discussed for an hour. Mr. Garrison read a communication from S. L. Fuller, in which the latter renewed his assertion of some years since that Wisconsin, Dakota and Minnesota were not good fruit raising States. He had just returned from Wisconsin and knew whereof he spoke. Mr. Thos. Widen's remarks were to the effect that the people are not nearly so enthusiastic as they were regarding the possibilities for fruit growing. There was "millions in it," he said. Apples would grow anywhere, so would the Ben Davis. For general apple culture he advised the selection of a heavy soil. He spoke at some length on the merits of the different kinds of apples, making his selections from varieties on exhibition.

Mr. Munson explained the kind of trees to plant and directions for their care for the first two years. He condemned the practice of grain crops in young orchards. Plant in corn the first year, he said; the second year potatoes and beans.

E. C. Phillips gave his views on top grafting. The Red Canada and Wagoner were slow growing on their stock, but made good progress on harder stock. Warren Willard had proved the Wagoner to be a weak root variety. The only way to prevent the Spp from splitting at the crotch, he said, was to prevent any decided crotch in the tree when young. Mr. Clayton believed in the future of apple growing. Mr. Jacobs said a very cold damp cellar was the best place to keep apples. Mr. Alford wanted a very high location for apples and heavy soil. He recommended setting 32 feet apart. Mr. Pearson said there was no danger in finding an apple market if care was taken in picking.

E. C. Phillips believed in picking his own fruit rather than selling the orchard outright for others to pick.

Mr. Herrington found sheep a good thing for apple growers; they would eat the poor fruit and destroy the worms.

Mr. Kelley gave his views on the best means to prevent destruction to trees by rabbits. "A rabbit will never touch a body if they can get in among branches," he said. "Put some branches in piles for the winter. The rabbits will frequent the branches and can easily be caught in steel traps." Top grafted trees, he said, will come into bearing in five years. The most successful orchardists keep the land cultivated and never allow crops or sod to grow.

After music by the band, Mr. Clayton moved a vote of thanks to the Grange for their entertainment. The meeting was adjourned to meet at Harmony Grange Hall, in Walker, on the fourth Tuesday in November.

THOS. L. BROWN, Sec.

Sheltering Orchards.

Among late topics introduced into some of our agricultural and horticultural contemporaries, is that orchards, to make them productive, must be sheltered on at least two sides from the cold blasts of winter. This shelter is to consist of hedges of evergreen trees, and of sufficient height and density to make a secure defense.

The idea, in our judgment, is a fallacy. Instead of proving advantageous to an orchard, we believe a hedge, or protection of any kind, would be a positive injury. Planting orchards in valleys and southern exposures will not as a rule be as reliable or yield crops at all to be compared to orchards planted in elevated positions, opened to the wind from every quarter. Indeed if we were about to set out an orchard to-day, we should select a high northern exposure. All our experience and observation go to show such a position to be the best. It is a notorious fact that even in Maine and other extremely cold States, northern exposures are selected for apple orchards, where they stand the severity of the climate much better than in valleys, or where they have southern exposures or are sheltered. A Maine farmer says, "Were I to plant an orchard and had two locations, one a valley surrounded by hills except on the south side, and the other a high elevation exposed to cold winds, I would choose the latter in preference to the former." The same holds good as it regards peach orchards. A great object is to keep back the blooming as long as possible, and this can be done in northern exposures without shelter. In fact the finest and most reliable apple orchards we ever saw were those on a full northern exposure.

This we think will be found to be the experience in the middle, northern and eastern States, of many observing apple growers. There may be some exceptions, it is true, but they are only the exceptions to the rule which prevail in all cases.—*Germanston Telegraph.*

How English Growers Pack Grapes.

The manager of Ashford Vineyard, at Fordbridge, England, tells the *Horticultural Times* how grapes are packed for transit to a market whose buyers are very particular:

Neither skill or art is required in filling up a basket of grapes so full that it can hold no more. I admit that on the score of expediency our Channel Island neighbors do this kind of thing, not perhaps that they think it the very best to show up their goods, but for two causes. The first is to pack firmly, to save moving during the boat trip; and secondly, I believe their object is to get as much weight as possible in, as the charge is so much per basket, irrespective of weight—at least so very informed. This filling of baskets does I am well told for stuff that is as wise as any, or even for sound, common grapes; but the retailer will tell you which is best for their trade—our lightly packed baskets or the heavily filled ones. I said there was no skill or art in this filling the basket, but yet there must be, as, try as I will, I could never get the weight in that they do, and I cannot conceive why not. However, popular the flats may be for the grower round large towns, who carts his produce direct to the market, nothing can touch the handle wicker basket for general purposes. My idea of sending grapes to market or shop trade is that all that can be seen of the grapes should be perfect, and by my system of packing not only are the tops seen, but also the whole forms of the bunches; and though the sides touch at the sides, when the bunches are taken out very little robbing is to be seen. Practice will soon tell the size of basket for any specific weight required. Growers will know how to accommodate their customers, be it from three or four to twelve pounds. Good grapes, which mean higher prices, always pay for smaller packages. In my many years' experience with tons of grapes, though I have never had the largest of places, I have had general good luck, even to sending in March *Muscats* and *Gros Colmar* to Belgium. Selecting the basket, place a piece of newspaper all round the inside of the basket, and if the bottom be at all rough, a little bit of hay can be first put in, but I prefer paper. Then open a sheet of wedding and place it over the paper. All is now ready for the first sheet of white or cap paper—glazed I like the best. From long practice I find a sheet of paper cut in two will fit in much better than one piece. Turn the corners down, so that nothing is seen of either wadding or newspaper. Now weigh the basket. With basket, scissors, and twine, all is now ready for cutting. The end being gently tilted up, cut a large bunch for the first: one smaller one each side will then fit in. If six bunches will fit in, it will be handy, possibly another one each side, which will, under the handle, tying each bunch as cut, and turning the foot stalks down so that they do not project above the top rim, or they will break the paper. Welsh the basket, deducting the first weight, and now bend two willows or vine sticks over the top, lengthwise of the basket, inserting the ends through the basket end. Lay a sheet of folded newspaper over the sticks, then cover over with a sheet of cap paper, sticking on a grape label. As the readers will see, I leave the centre of the basket open. Of course these are light weights, but six, eight or ten pounds can be readily put in. Heavy bunches will, while taking up less room, give correspondingly heavier weight. Those who have conversed for getting moss will find this a good lining for the bottom. Wood shavings, being springy, make a good substitute for wadding. Paper cuttings from the printers are also useful. I have said use a little hay, but this is liable to taint the fruit. To make the most of our produce, pink paper will show the *Muscats* up. My idea, as I say, of grapes when packed is that they should be perfect, and must give great credit to the railway companies for their careful carriage. Where I take it that such shaking is done, is from our large arrival stations to the market or shops. To be at a large station and see the vans packed, one really wonders that they travel so well. I always contend that here is where the damage is done.

A Serious Drawback to Plum Culture.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, who says he has taken 50 black knots from 70 plum trees in six years, in the hope of finally explaining the disease by use of the knife, says of this season's experiences:

"Two examinations in the spring while the trees were yet bare revealed no excrescences, neither could we find any while jerking the trees for the curculionid during the first week in June; but when picking the plums just three months afterwards, we discovered no less than sixteen young knots on the Lombards. Last week, the trees being especially bare for the purpose, I made, as usual, a thorough search with the result of finding three more knots on the Lombards which had been probably overlooked at picking time, as they were larger and darker than those removed then; no sign of a fungous growth was discernible on the Bradshaws or Reine Claudes, while the cherry trees, May Dukes and Bigarones, were all as they had been hitherto, free from attack. The olive-green color of the sixteen knots showed that they were of this season's growth, and I am almost certain that the three subsequently found were also. The trees affected were those showing the thickest growth, as was the case in previous years, and two excrescences about two feet apart and on separate branches, were found on the same tree.

"It appears then, that incessant watch-

fulness and prompt excision is the price to be paid for only partial immunity from this insidious foe. When we consider that, as Prof. Peck tells us, a single knot may produce 12,800,000 spores, which can be wafted long distances by the wind, it seems hopeless ever to expect entire freedom from this fungus as long as one plum tree stands within a mile or more of another, since certain discovery and destruction of every knot by every plum grower is almost an impossibility. Could it always be determined from what quarter the spores came, something could be done towards shortening the supply, but generally, as in my case, the source of the mischief is undiscoverable."

Choice Dessert Apples.

Those growers who are accustomed to selling their apples at from one to two dollars a barrel, and think the last a paying price, have little conception of the money that may be got out of apple growing. The growers of choice dessert apples in England think little of getting from twelve to twenty-five cents each for their fine fruits. There is no risk in saying that, let them do their best, we can here in America grow finer apples, at much less cost, than the most careful orchardist in the comparatively sunless mother country. For those who are looking for an unworked field of labor in horticulture, it seems to me that the field is entirely uncultivated, but that it is yet, and for some time to come will be, a good and profitable one. "There is always room, up high."

Perfectly flawless apples, of our best and most beautiful dessert sorts, if put upon the right market at the moment of their greatest perfection, can be easily sold at from \$10 to \$20 a barrel. Instead of being a high, this is a low estimate. Apples of medium size run about 500 to the barrel, and at \$20 would be only four cents apiece. But this class of apples should be handled like eggs; and really the best case for shipping such fruit is made upon the same plan as the cellular egg cases. In these, fancy Canadian apples are now being shipped to England, and have netted the growers about \$3 a bushel.—*N. J. Orchard and Garden.*

Grow Early Apples.

T. H. Hoskins, in *Farm and Orchard*, says: "The truth is that with early apples, as with every other good thing, there is 'room enough up high.' Fine, well grown, always command a ready sale. But they are tender and require as careful handling and packing as any soft fruit. To be profitable, they must not only be well grown and well handled. The seller must know his market, and his market must know him. He must make no mistake, and ship no poor fruit. It is as important to the fruit grower as to the butter maker that his goods should be up to market every time.

My advice to growers handy to a good market is to grow the finest early fruit, and offer it in the most attractive shape. The fruit must be healthy, and rightly pruned from the start, so as to give the fruit in all parts of the tree an equal chance. The ground must be rich and mellow; the fruit must be thinned at least twice, and when the time comes to market it everything must be ready, and the business rushed. A first-class peach grower should be a first-class apple grower. The varieties must be understood and well chosen; and they must be shipped so as to reach the dealer ready for immediate sale.

Spraying Against Pear Blight.

The orchard of Mr. J. M. White, of Middlesex, New Jersey, says B. D. H. in *Garden and Forest*, contains some 1,200 trees, and early in the season the spraying was begun with a Nixon cat-pump, throwing two strong streams. With this cat and three men, with a boy to lead the horse, the entire orchard was sprayed thoroughly in four hours. The first spraying was with a mixture of London purple for insects, and carbamate of copper with ammonia for the blight fungus. One Calisraun tree was left unsprayed, and from this the leaves fell very early and the few leaves produced soon were cracked so much as to be about worthless. The surrounding trees of the same variety retained their foliage well, and, as this was an off-year prices were high and profits great. Mr. White saved several hundred dollars on his Calisraun pears alone. The Duchess and other varieties were also benefited, as may be inferred from the fact that their owner secured an unbroken list of first premiums at the State Fair. This case is simply cited to show that the time has come when spraying machines of some kind must be adopted as regular implements on the farm. It should be understood that they can be used for the potato blight as well as the orchard and vineyard.

The Profits of a Garden.

Says a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*:

I find that a good garden is everything to a farmer, as it should be to every one. Some farmers say they have not time to attend to one. A little time now and then in a garden will keep it up. Let one spend a whole day at work there at the right time, instead of going fishing or visiting, and he will be surprised at the amount of good he can accomplish. We have half an acre in our garden, out of 145 acres in the farm, and we get about as much for the table there as from all the rest put together. The hens are not allowed there. First, in the spring we have two beds of asparagus, and roots ordered for a third, with early French breakfast radishes. Then, later on, come early onions and lettuce. Then we have strawberries—only a small bed, but enough for the table. Afterwards we enjoy currants, Red Cherry as well as White, and Fay's Prolific, and we had so many more that we wanted we sold two bushels. Next come black-cap Mammoth Cluster and red and yellow Antwerp. The red didn't yield much this season, but the black gave us some to sell, besides supplying a family of four grown persons. New potatoes next cheered us, and I have a few sweet ones this season. We have a patch of the Taylor blackberry about the size of an extension table, which gave us, in five weeks, about three pounds each of tomatoes. A ton of tomatoes, as they come from the field, will fill from 400 to 450 cans. On this basis, a product of 5,000,000 cans means that 12,000 tons of tomatoes were purchased by the canners in that State this year. The loss from cleaning and preparing, and from rot in wet weather,

will reduce the number of tons put up to 7,500. The tomatoes that have been canned do not include the entire tomato crop. Many thousands of baskets were sent directly to the truck markets and were consumed at once. Besides that the canners of Baltimore and elsewhere came to Delaware for some of their tomatoes.

That Little Tickling

In your throat which makes you cough once in a while and keeps you constantly clearing your throat, arises from catarrh, and catarrh is a constitutional disease the ordinary cough medicines all fail to hit the spot. What you need is a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many people who have taken this medicine for scrofula, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and other troubles, have been surprised that it should cure this troublesome cough. But to know the actual cause of the cough is to solve the mystery. Most cases of consumption can be traced back to the neglect of some such slight affection of the throat. Consumption can be controlled in its early stages, and the effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla in purifying the blood, building up the general health, and expelling the scrofulous taint which is the cause of catarrh and consumption, has restored to perfect health many persons on whom this dreaded disease seemed to have a firm hold.

Bleaching Dried Fruit.

According to the Experiment Station record for October (U. S. Department of Agriculture), Director Hilgard of the California Station believes that the public should be taught to prefer "healthy, brown, high-flavored fruit to the sickly-tinted, chemically-tainted product of the sulphur box." When freshly sliced fruit is treated with sulphurous acid for a short time, the effects are slight, yet such as to protect the fruit from insects. When thoroughly sulphured after drying, however, the fruit is injured in flavor; and worse still, sulphuric acid is formed in sufficient amount to be injurious to health. By analysis sulphured apricots have been found to contain .282 per cent of sulphuric acid, or about 25 grains of oil of vitriol per pound, and prunes .346 per cent of sulphuric acid. In most countries of Europe the sale of sulphured fruit is forbidden.

Chestnuts for Market.

Samples of American chestnuts, superior to those of foreign growth both in size and in flavor, have recently been received at the Department of Agriculture, affording a striking illustration of the results of culture and selection. By these means it is believed that the maturity of the chestnut likewise may be materially hastened. Reports received from various sections of the country indicate that the nut may be best prepared for market by being immersed in boiling water for about ten minutes as soon as gathered. Wormy nuts will float on the surface and may be removed; all eggs and larvae of insects will be destroyed; and the condition of the meat of the nut will be so changed that it will not become flinty by further curing for winter use, and still be in no wise a "bolled chestnut." The nuts may be dried in the sun or in dry-houses after being placed in sacks in such quantities as to admit of their being spread to the thickness of about two inches, the sacks being frequently turned and shaken. Dried by this method they remain quite tender, retain for a long time the qualities that make them desirable in the fall, and may be safely stored; but, of course, will not germinate. A bulletin on nut culture is being prepared by the Division of Pomology, and when published may be obtained by applying to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or to the Division of Pomology, Department of Agriculture.

Horticultural Items.

A TRAIN of ten carloads of Lima beans was sent forward from Ventura Co., Cal., to the east two weeks ago.

THE Florida orange crop promises to be about two million boxes, against two and a half million boxes last year.

THE American Cultivator says the entire peach crop shipped over the Delaware Railroad last year consisted of two baskets and one crate of very different fruit.

TECUMSEH has set out to beat Kalamazoo at the celery business. Kalamazoo dealers bragged of having shipped 184 tons in one day. Tecumseh claims to have sent off fifty tons as a recent day's business.

THE *Edison Record* says Henry Spaulding, of Aurelius, bought a 50-acre farm last spring, giving him the note for \$1,200 in payment. The crop of apples on the land this fall will nearly release the obligation.

THE value of the wild fruits of Northern Wisconsin which are annually marketed either fresh or canned, amounts to over a million dollars, and it is estimated two or three times as much is wasted for want of gathering. Business begins with the strawberry and closes in September with the cranberry.

THE best authorities say California will this year pack fully one million three hundred thousand boxes of raisins. This is about twenty times the raisin output of ten years ago and over two hundred times the amount packed in 1871. All raisin makers will make money this year; if early rains do not trouble them.

GRAPES, says the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, should be pruned as soon as possible after the leaves fall, or at any rate before March; the longer you put it off the more likely the vines will be to bleed, and the more danger there will be that the work will be neglected and imperfectly done, if done at all. The grapes are always borne upon new wood, and neglect to prune out the old wood results in loss with grapes more quickly and certainly than with any other fruit crop.

A PARTY of bear hunters have just discovered in Fresno County, California, a tree which is said to be the largest one in the world. It is in the most rugged portion of the Sierras, two miles north of Strawberry Meadows. For a mile, impenetrable underbrush surrounded it, so the hunters had to use axe and knife to approach it. It measured 159 feet in circumference four feet from the ground. They named it the "Oregono."

A REPRESENTATIVE of one of the largest evaporated fruit dealing firms in the United States has recently returned to New York from a visit to the West. On being asked his opinion of the prospects for fruit, etc., he replied that the apple crop was the shortest ever known, but the supply in Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska this year will compensate in a large measure for the deficiency. Until recently he says but few people in the fruit business realized the extent of the orchards in Missouri and Kansas.

DELAWARE raised an enormous quantity of tomatoes this year, the number of cans prepared for market exceeding 5,000,000. These are three-pound cans, which would mean 15,000,000 pounds of tomatoes. A ton of tomatoes, as they come from the field, will fill from 400 to 450 cans. On this basis, a product of 5,000,000 cans means that 12,000 tons of tomatoes were purchased by the canners in that State this year. The loss from cleaning and preparing, and from rot in wet weather,

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Apianian.

For the Michigan Farmer.

WHO CAN BEST AFFORD TO KEEP BEES?

This past two or three seasons have caused the keeper of bees to ask himself the question, "Can I afford to continue in the business?" This question especially suggests itself to the specialist, and many are looking for something to combine with their favorite pursuit, or are embarking in some other, hoping for better results. While I think to abandon the bees altogether is a mistake, I can hardly wonder at the result. One year ago potatoes were selling for 15 cents per bushel, and so much of a drug at that time that thousands of bushels were fed to stock, or left to rot in the ground. This year the acreage was small in consequence, and the average crop of this State not over 60 per cent. Still the farmer who did not become discouraged this fall has a bonanza in his potato crop. The question is not, can I afford to raise potatoes at present prices, but the regret that I did not plant ten acres instead of one. And to digress: I will say that I believe in this State the man who divides his farm into ten acre lots, and places in each field a different crop, will do his work with less outlay, and receive larger dividends for a term of ten years, than the man who makes a specialty of any one crop. And my decision is that the man who can best follow diversified farming can best afford to keep bees.

While I think this is so, I don't think any one who has invested anything in bees and has gained more or less knowledge of the business, can afford to give it up. We are on the eve of better prices for everything the soil produces, with increased demand. In the last decade the population of the towns and cities has increased three to one against the country. This means a wonderful increase of consumers and a proportionate decrease of producers. The consumption of honey is largely in the towns and cities; good prices are established and can be maintained with judicious marketing, even with large crops for the next ten years.

I prophesy that bees will be in demand next spring, and he who successfully winters his bees will find a ready market for them in the spring. Almost every mail brings me letters asking what and how to feed the bees. This means many are short of stores and will never see the "flowers bloom again." Thus you see that if we get a full crop next season good prices await us. If only half a crop, extra prices.

So let us not be discouraged; rather let us profit by past experience. It is a good teacher, even if, as Josh Billings says, the tuition does come high. The cloud with the silver lining is already on the horizon, and "he that is faithful in a few things shall be made ruler over many."—*FREMONT.*

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained freedom from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—*Andrew B. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.*

"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—*M. Parker, Concord, Vt.*

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Houghton gooseberries which gave us about two bushels. I must not forget a fine lot of about 600 plants of celery which we have been eating, and expect to eat till January or later. Pear trees raised in the garden yielded 10 bushels, and now there are about three bushels of grapes that have commenced to ripen. We cover them up to keep Jack Frost off. Besides these, there are cabbages, cauliflower, cucumbers, beets, melons, sweet corn, pop-corn, parsnips, peas, peppers, etc. Now why doesn't every person who has a piece of land say to himself: "I will have a garden any way."

Bleaching Dried Fruit.

According to the Experiment Station record for October (U. S. Department of Agriculture), Director Hilgard of the California Station believes that the public should be taught to prefer "healthy, brown, high-flavored fruit to the sickly-tinted, chemically-tainted product of the sulphur box." When freshly sliced fruit is treated with sulphurous acid for a short time, the effects are slight, yet such as to protect the fruit from insects. When thoroughly sulphured after drying, however, the fruit is injured in flavor; and worse still, sulphuric acid is formed in sufficient amount to be injurious to health. By analysis sulphured apricots have been found to contain .282 per cent of sulphuric acid, or about 25 grains of oil of vitriol per pound, and prunes .346 per cent of sulphuric acid. In most countries of Europe the sale of sulphured fruit is forbidden.

Chestnuts for Market.

Samples of American chestnuts, superior to those of foreign growth both in size and in flavor, have recently been received at the Department of Agriculture, affording a striking illustration of the results of culture and selection. By these means it is believed that the maturity of the chestnut likewise may be materially hastened. Reports received from various sections of the country indicate that the nut may be best prepared for market by being immersed in boiling water for about ten minutes as soon as gathered. Wormy nuts will float on the surface and may be removed; all eggs and larvae of insects will be destroyed; and the condition of the meat of the nut will be so changed that it will not become flinty by further curing for winter use, and still be in no wise a "bolled chestnut." The nuts may be dried in the sun or in dry-houses after being placed in sacks in such quantities as to admit of their being spread to the thickness of about two inches, the sacks being frequently turned and shaken. Dried by this method they remain quite tender, retain for a long time the qualities that make them desirable in the fall, and may be safely stored; but, of course, will not germinate. A bulletin on nut culture is being prepared by the Division of Pomology, and when published may be obtained by applying to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or to the Division of Pomology, Department of Agriculture.

Horticultural Items.

A TRAIN of ten carloads of Lima beans was sent forward from Ventura Co., Cal., to the east two weeks ago.

THE Florida orange crop promises to be about two million boxes, against two and a half million boxes last year.

THE American Cultivator says the entire peach crop shipped over the Delaware Railroad last year consisted of two baskets and one crate of very different fruit.

TECUMSEH has set out to beat Kalamazoo at the celery business. Kalamazoo dealers bragged of having shipped 184 tons in one day. Tecumseh claims to have sent off fifty tons as a recent day's business.

THE *Edison Record* says Henry Spaulding, of Aurelius, bought a 50-acre farm last spring, giving him the note for \$1,200 in payment. The crop of apples on the land this fall will nearly release the obligation.

THE value of the wild fruits of Northern Wisconsin which are annually marketed either fresh or canned, amounts to over a million dollars, and it is estimated two or three times as much is wasted for want of gathering. Business begins with the strawberry and closes in September with the cranberry.

THE best authorities say California will this year pack fully one million three hundred thousand boxes of raisins. This is about twenty times the raisin output of ten years ago and over two hundred times the amount packed in 1871. All raisin makers will make money this year; if early rains do not trouble them.

GRAPES, says the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, should be pruned as soon as possible after the leaves fall, or at any rate before March; the longer you put it off the more likely the vines will be to bleed, and the more danger there will be that the work will be neglected and imperfectly done, if done at all. The grapes are always borne upon new wood, and neglect to prune out the old wood results in loss with grapes more quickly and certainly than with any other fruit crop.

A PARTY of bear hunters have just discovered in Fresno County, California, a tree which is said to be the largest one in the world. It is in the most rugged portion of the Sierras, two miles north of Strawberry Meadows. For a mile, impenetrable underbrush surrounded it, so the hunters had to use axe and knife to approach it. It measured 159 feet in circumference four feet from the ground. They named it the "Oregono."

A REPRESENTATIVE of one of the largest evaporated fruit dealing firms in the United States has recently returned to New York from a visit to the West. On being asked his opinion of the prospects for fruit, etc., he replied that the apple crop was the shortest ever known, but the supply in Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska this year will compensate in a large measure for the deficiency. Until recently he says but few people in the fruit business realized the extent of the orchards in Missouri and Kansas.

DELAWARE raised an enormous quantity of tomatoes this year, the number of cans prepared for market exceeding 5,000,000. These are three-pound cans, which would mean 15,000,000 pounds of tomatoes. A ton of tomatoes, as they come from the field, will fill from 400 to 450 cans. On this basis, a product of 5,000,000 cans means that 12,000 tons of tomatoes were purchased by the canners in that State this year. The loss from cleaning and preparing, and from rot in wet weather,

will reduce the number of tons put up to 7,500. The tomatoes that have been canned do not include the entire tomato crop. Many thousands of baskets were sent directly to the truck markets and were consumed at once. Besides that the canners of Baltimore and elsewhere came to Delaware for some of their tomatoes.

That Little Tickling

In your throat which makes you cough once in a while and keeps you constantly clearing your throat, arises from catarrh, and catarrh is a constitutional disease the ordinary cough medicines all fail to hit the spot. What you need is a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many people who have taken this medicine for scrofula, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and other troubles, have been surprised that it should cure this troublesome cough. But to know the actual cause of the cough is to solve the mystery. Most cases of consumption can be traced back to the neglect of some such slight affection of the throat. Consumption can be controlled in its early stages, and the effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla in purifying the blood, building up the general health, and expelling the scrofulous taint which is the cause of catarrh and consumption, has restored to perfect health many persons on whom this dreaded disease seemed to have a firm hold.

Apianian.

For the Michigan Farmer.

WHO CAN BEST AFFORD TO KEEP BEES?

This past two or three seasons have caused the keeper of bees to ask himself the question, "Can I afford to continue in the business?" This question especially suggests itself to the specialist, and many are looking for something to combine with their favorite pursuit, or are embarking in some other, hoping for better results. While I think to abandon the bees altogether is a mistake, I can hardly wonder at the result. One year ago potatoes were selling for 15 cents per bushel, and so much of a drug at that time that thousands of bushels were fed to stock, or left to rot in the ground. This year the acreage was small in consequence, and the average crop of this State not over 60 per cent. Still the farmer who did not become discouraged this fall has a bonanza in his potato crop. The question is not, can I afford to raise potatoes at present prices, but the regret that I did not plant ten acres instead of one. And to digress: I will say that I believe in this State the man who divides his farm into ten acre lots, and places in each field a different crop, will do his work with less outlay, and receive larger dividends for a term of ten years, than the man who makes a specialty of any one crop. And my decision is that the man who can best follow diversified farming can best afford to keep bees.

While I think this is so, I don't think any one who has invested anything in bees and has gained more or less knowledge of the business, can afford to give it up. We are on the eve of better prices for everything the soil produces, with increased demand. In the last decade the population of the towns and cities has increased three to one against the country. This means a wonderful increase of consumers and a proportionate decrease of producers. The consumption of honey is largely in the towns and cities; good prices are established and can be maintained with judicious marketing, even with large crops for the next ten years.

I prophesy that bees will be in demand next spring, and he who successfully winters his bees will find a ready market for them in the spring. Almost every mail brings me letters asking what and how to feed the bees. This means many are short of stores and will never see the "flowers bloom again." Thus you see that if we get a full crop next season good prices await us. If only half a crop, extra prices.

So let us not be discouraged; rather let us profit by past experience. It is a good teacher, even if, as Josh Billings says, the tuition does come high. The cloud with the silver lining is already on the horizon, and "he that is faithful in a few things shall be made ruler over many."—*FREMONT.*

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained freedom from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I took SCOTT'S EMULSION.

RESULT: I take My Meals, I take My Rest, AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE MY UP, AND I CAN TAKE MY HANDS OFF, getting fat too. FOR SCOTT'S Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY INCURABLE CONSUMPTION BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS AS EASY AS I DO MILK. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK. SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

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The BOSS SPRINKLER.

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GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

OLIVER A. SMITH, Clarkston, Mich.

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carb

No

city on the 30th

The Manhattan organization has announced the price they will accept.

The management has determined to exhibit on a basis building, the cost to \$400,000.

The Dominion to promote more with the West Inter of Finance, Tuesday, to enditions.

The Artisan's

Prof. Koch, co-
versity, has, he
consumption by
relieved from so
in the University;
pursue his experi

Henry M. Stan
plorer, his wife,
Stanley's compan
on the 5th. Stan

A freight train of the Great Northern ran over a bridge over the tracks at Braunfels, Ta., the bridge going down with cars upon it. The train fatally injured.

Dr. Henry J. Blodgett, a surgical professional in Boston, Mass., this week performed the first successful heart surgery in the Harvard Medical School, 78 years, and had finished his studies at that school, and in 1880 he had also made many important discoveries in the field of surgery.

The largest medical school in the country was put on a new basis this week. It is for \$750,000.

The Central Chamber of Commerce at London, Eng., has been making a statement declaring that in view of the prevalence of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle it is imperative that the regular exportation of cattle from Great Britain be suspended until the truth is, the unrepentant fact is, that American cattle would be safe against the disease.

Col. Jose Barrios
general killed in 1885
120 acres of land
Guatemalan govern
wages of laborers
The world will know
thinks, when a railr
ed from the city of
on the Atlantic coast

Major-General O.
report to the War D
hope that Congress
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to permit the forma

A gigantic railroad is in contemplation by which to gain absolute control from New York to Oklahoma of the Southern Pacific lines from the Atlantic with terminals at St. Louis, New Orleans,

looking to the acquisition of the Pacific by the Vandalia. They will give them a position which will enable them to dictate terms to the country.

—

For

Archdeacon Farrar, the head of the Salvation Army, and pro £50.

King William of Prussia

The tariff on rye from Germany and Austria in commercial relations has been reduced to admit imports of these States and excludes the French government from the American famous painting "The stated, but the American payment of \$105,000, that something about

NEW ADV

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5/8 Horse Blank
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dealer write them.
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in each blanket. **5/A**
strength. **5/A Elect**
strong. **5/A Extra**
highest test for stren
5/A Baker which is
and fire companies in

A MAN having team
good farm to work
H., Oxford, Mich.

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312 an acre. Logs th
taken in payment.
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Fifteen fine yearling
Bell 6th " strain, eligible
sold cheap. If desired
ment. Come early if
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REGISTERED

years old, all recorded
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Poetry.

IN THE GARDEN.

Before I made my garden, oh, I was a happy man;
I read the seed-store catalogues, and joyfully
would plan
How lots of luscious vegetables I easily would
raise,
And figured up the profits that they say a garden
pays.
Of patent fertilizers, fancy garden tools and
seeds
I thought about as many as a decent farmer needs;
I hired men who wouldn't work, and, rising
with the lark,
I dug till time of business and finished in the
dark.
After I made my garden, oh, I was a woful man;
The chickens scratched my pretty beds, the dogs
upon them ran;
The cats pelted battles on them fought, the
cows ate all the corn,
And a hog that tried to bite me always scoted
there at morn.
Then came a drought that burned to dust my
garden, then a flood,
And pelting hail, and hurricane turned every-
thing to mud;
Then, like the plagues of Egypt, swarmed upon
me flies and bugs,
Inch worms, moles, cut worms, locusts, cater-
pillars, crows and slugs.
All summer long I wrestled, while my perspira-
tion drops
I think would fill the barrels I had ready for my
crops;
And, though I wasn't able to supply one dinner's
needs,
I took the prize of champion for raising famous
weeds.
Before I made my garden, oh, I was a happy
man;
But afterwards my troubles and experience
began.
Now, if some city greenhorn, like myself, would
care to reap
The profits of a garden, I will sell out very cheap.

NOVEMBER.

I stand in the cold, gray weather.
In the white and silvery rain;
The great trees huddle together,
And away with the windy strain,
I dream of the purple glory
Of the roseate mountain-height,
And the sweet-remembered story
Of a distant and dear delight.
The rain keeps constantly raining,
And the sky is cold and gray,
And the wind in the trees keeps complaining
That summer has passed away.
But the gray and cold are haunted
By a beauty akin to pain,
By the sense of a something wanted,
That never will come again.

—W. W. Story.

Miscellaneous.

JESS.

In the year 1874 Silas Willard and his
family moved from eastern Tennessee to
northern Texas, where he took up a land
claim some twenty miles from what is now
the thriving city of Sherman, then a mere
hamlet.
Their three children were small, the
youngest being a mere baby. There was
much hard work to be done, a large share of
which fell upon Mrs. Willard, who was one
of those frail, ambitious, tireless little
women that are so often found among over-
worked farmers' wives. Besides her house-
work she managed the kitchen garden, did
the "chores" and at times even assisted her
husband in his own work.
When he was away the loneliness and re-
sponsibility of her position were almost un-
endurable. Their nearest neighbor was
seven miles away, and the prairies were
bleak, windy and cheerless. Occasional
parties of Indians addicted to begging and
stealing would come by, thus adding fear to
her other anxieties.

After a year of this life Mrs. Willard's
strength so gave way that her husband tried
to procure other household help, but there
were no females to be hired. Even male help
was scarce. Nearly every one was working
for himself. The country authorities
had a handy way of disposing of vagrants
by a local application of the State law
against carrying concealed weapons. As
each tramp usually had a pistol or knife hid
somewhere about his person, they would
fine him \$50. Having no money, he would
be offered to any one who would agree to
pay the county that amount and take his
labor in return at a valuation not exceeding
twenty-five cents a day. But even this sup-
ply of labor was limited, and Mrs. Willard
thought himself fortunate in securing an
under-sized lad of 15, whom the supervisors
at Sherman were offering to hire in front of
the court house door one day when he hap-
pened to be there.

"I don't like his looks," said Mrs. Will-
ard promptly, when her husband with the
lad behind him rode up to his own door.
"What is your name, boy?"
"Jess-so," mumbled the stranger very
hoarsely.
"Can't bear you?" exclaimed she, a little
fretfully. "What is your name?"
"Jess-so," exclaimed he in the same
like key.
"The creature is an idiot," began the tired
housewife, but her husband laughingly in-
terposed.
"He is telling you the name he goes by,
Ellen. Ask him questions and you will
soon see why. Won't she, Jess?"
"Jess-so," replied the lad nonchalantly.
"He was arrested for doing nothing, and
having a rusty pistol that would be dear at
fifty cents."

Jess showed that his tongue could
enunciate other ideas by remarking that
this convicting weapon had cost him a dol-
lar not long before.

"Well, you were cheated then. But here
he is, Ellen; make the most of him for six
months. Perhaps by that time we can get a
girl."

So Jess was installed as general assistant
and chore boy, a position he filled fairly
well, though his shy ways and absent man-
ner rather added to the distrust of his mis-
tress. He was frail and awkward, though
in his movements he could be swift and
supple upon occasions. He also seemed to
be both timid and obstinate, and unless
spoken to he seldom spoke, except when
with the children. In their company he was
sociable enough. His childish way of as-

sessing to meet that was said rather piqued
Mrs. Willard's curiosity.

"It's strange you don't remember more
about yourself," she said to him more than
once.

"Jess-so," the boy would reply indiffer-
ently. "I hain't much sartin about any-
thing. 'Ceptin' work," he added, as if this
thought had just occurred to him.

"Are you right sure them folks you was
with last got froze up in that blizzard?"
"Jess-so. We was travellin' and campin'.
I was froze up too. Don't think I've ever
had a good memory since."

"Can't you think of a single name, nary
one?"

She well knew how unsatisfactory the
answer would be, yet suspicion, however
vague, is apt to reassert itself in this way.
She feared that so much obstinate self-
forgetfulness savored more of design than mis-
fortune. But Mrs. Willard told her that she
ought to consider herself fortunate.

"You are the only woman this side of
Sherman that has any hired help," said he.
"You must not be too particular."

"Mebbe I am wrong," said his wife re-
signedly. "Goodness knows! I want to do
my duty to that boy; but folks as forget so
much seldom have anything good about them
to remember."

"The children like him, Ellen," con-
tinued her husband. "That is one good
thing. He can't help forgetting some-
times. I suppose. What he says about
being in last winter's blizzard may all be so.
We know it was awfully severe, and that
two of the boy's toes were frozen off some-
how. When we think what sad things may
have happened to him, perhaps it is a mercy
he can't remember."

Jess, who was stolidly washing dishes in
the kitchen near by, shot a grateful glance
at his employer, though his face was other-
wise expressionless as a Chinaman's.

"Mebbe you are right," said Mrs. Willard.
"Yet when you are away I can't help still
feeling uneasy. If he'd only act like other
boys perhaps I wouldn't. But I reckon it's
my nerves, Silas."

"After this year we'll feel easier," said he
reassuringly. "Our cotton is good, and I'll
have some three-year-olds to sell. We'll
put it all by with the rest against pay day."

Mrs. Willard glanced at a large chest by
the head of her bed.

"Glad will I be," she said emphatically,
"when that money is out of our hands and
we are free from debt."

The next morning Mrs. Willard unlocked
and opened the chest. Her husband was
breaking prairie soil half a mile away, the
baby was asleep, and Jess with the two old-
er children had gone to the well in the creek
corner after water. She took from one
corner a buckskin bag, sat down and em-
ptied a roll of notes into her lap. On the
frontier, with no banks near, people often
hid their savings in this way.

She began counting the money, when she
heard a shuffling of bare feet at the half open
front door. Sweeping her apron hurriedly
over her lap, she waited. But instead of
entering the steps receded round the house
and toward the kitchen. She replaced the
bag and its contents under some clothing in
the chest, and began sorting over directly
Jess came in by the back door to ask for a
rag to tie up his foot, which he had hurt in
some way.

"Where did you leave the children?" she
fretfully demanded.

"They're waitin' on yan' side of the
garden fence," he returned rather sullenly.
"You shouldn't leave 'em on the prairie
alone. Mr. Willard says there are more
copperheads about this season than ever."

Jess took his strip of cloth and retreated
without replying. Then Mrs. Willard won-
dered why the boy had gone around to the
kitchen, after starting in at the front door.
Could he have seen her at the chest counting
over the money they were hoarding to com-
plete paying for the stock Silas had bought
the year before? If so, the maneuver was
ominous. But other more tangible cares
soon drove this fear from her mind.

During all that summer and early fall her
vague distrust of the lad was never entirely
laid at rest. For this, dubious antecedents
were largely responsible; and though she
strove to do her duty by him, he received
her occasional acts of kindness as unemo-
tionally as he did her censure.

In the autumn there came a season of
drought. The long prairie grass shriveled
and the shallow well in the bottom got so
low that Mr. Willard threatened more than
once to finish one he had begun nearer the
house some time before. Prairie fires be-
gan to be so frequently heard of that he an-
nounced his intention of "firing" round his
place. But the next day he found that the
musty butcher a steer, and on the day after
that he really had to attend county court at
Sherman.

"Silas," said his wife as he rode away,
"stop and ask Mrs. Scott to ride over and
spend the day. Seems like I hate to be left
alone worse than ever."

"All right," he called back; but on reach-
ing the Scott place, seven miles away, he
found that Mrs. Scott was sick and could
not go. "Never mind," he thought, "Ellen's
only a little nervous." Then his mind re-
verted to other cares. "Prairie seems won-
derful dry; I must surely do that fire!" round
when I get back."

The day was hazy yet blustering. A fine
red dust whirled itself into little, scurrying
clouds over the bleaker spaces of soil.
Along the gentle ridges the matted grass
rattled harshly; the air had a faint, stale
smoky taste; the horizon was hazy and in-
definite.

Mrs. Willard was spinning before the fire.
A bundle of carded wool rolls, sent as a
present from her father in East Tennessee,
lay in the top of the now open chest. The
baby was asleep upon the bed. Down at the
cow-pen Jess, leaving his work, was dex-
terously lassoing a frightened yearling with
a clothes line which he had surreptitiously
obtained. The two older children were
looking on, dumb with admiration and fear.

Toward 11 o'clock Mrs. Willard stepped
outside and called the boy to make a fire in
the kitchen stove. Jess came very leisurely.

"Come!" she scolded. "Are you going
to be all day?"

"I can't please her, and it ain't much use
in trying," murmured Jess to the children,
with whom he had always been a favorite.

The pungent flavor and hazy appearance
of the atmosphere seemed more pronounced.

"I wish Silas hadn't put off firin' 'round
the place," said Mrs. Willard anxiously.

Jess ran up a ladder that was leaning
against the nearest folded stack and looked
all around.

"Did I ever see such a fool boy?" she be-
gan complainingly, but Jess suddenly be-
gan to wave his hat and point to the wind-
ward.

"There's a fire," he shouted.

"What's a fire?" she called, and her pulses
quicken her beat.

"The prairie!" Jess waved his hand along
the whole northern horizon. "I can see the
smoke just a blin' up, and the wind a blow-
in' right this way."

Then he came down. Mrs. Willard fell
to trembling. A prairie fire in the dry sea-
son upon the plains has something of the
terror bred by a similar alarm at sea. Din-
ner was forgotten. While they looked the
wind seemed to increase. Distant puffs of
smoke began to be discernible from the
ground. The little area of cultivated land
was entirely upon one side of the house. It
was also covered with dry corn and cotton
stalks, that were as inflammable as timber.

On the other side the rank prairie grass came
nearly to the door. The speed with which
the fires often travel is wonderful. Into a
heat created vacuum the surrounding air
rushes like a whirlwind. Even upon a calm
day their fury is thus augmented; in dry
windy weather it is as restless as a hurri-
cane.

Mrs. Willard seemed to be bereft of reason
by the very immensity of the danger.

There was apparently no time to do any-
thing before house, fences, crops and life it-
self would be overwhelmed. Already through
the swirl of the wind the fierce cracklings
of the flames could be heard.

"If Silas were here, if Silas were only
here," she moaned, wringing her hands,
while the children began to cry, though at
what they hardly knew. Jess ran to the
ladder and began to drag it down from the
stack.

"Let's go," he cried, tugging with all his
might. "There's the new well; you bring
the children."

"What can the boy mean?" exclaimed
Mrs. Willard excitedly. "Oh, Silas, Silas!"

"Come on!" shouted Jess, pulling the
ladder toward the half dog well on the
prairie beyond the kitchen door.

Excitement supplanted the place of strength,
nor did he pause until, rearing it on end, he
dropped it down into the cavity, a feat he
could hardly have accomplished unaided
under ordinary circumstances. But Mrs.
Willard still stood in apparent helplessness
before the house.

"Ain't you a comin'?" shrieked Jess,
running back, his black eyes almost start-
ing from his head. "It'll be here in less'n no
time!"

He caught hold of the children and again
hastened to the well. Mrs. Willard follow-
ed, scarcely knowing what she did.

"You must climb down first and take
Nelly and George," said he. "Oh, ma'am!
be in a hurry! We hain't a minute to spare."

The bewildered woman got upon the lad-
der, the top of which, fortunately, reached
nearly to the surface of the ground. Jess
thrust Nelly under her mother's arm and
again urged both care and haste.

"Now, George," said he to the boy, "down
you go. Ma'll help you 'fore you strike the
bottom. Quick now!"

The little fellow did his part bravely, and
was met half way down the ladder by his
mother, who was suddenly smitten by an
appealing thought.

"My baby! my baby!" she cried; "let me
up again!"

"I hain't forgot him," shouted Jess, show-
ing his face for an instant over the brink.
"You stay where you are."

Two minutes of awful mental anguish fol-
lowed, then the mother's heart was light-
ened as by a mountain's weight, when Jess
climbed down with a crying baby under his
arm. Her thanks as he handed it to her
were cut short by seeing him turn and run
rapidly up the ladder, as if he had forgotten
something of importance.

"You've done enough," she called, but he
went on, shouting back words she did not
understand, for the roar of the approaching
conflagration was drowning out all other
sounds.

She gave the baby to George and sprang
up the ladder; but one of the half decayed
rounds gave way and in falling several
others were broken by her weight, thus im-
prisoning them within the well. She crouch-
ed down, clasping her little ones, stung,
amid her fears, by the thought that she had
always been hard upon Jess. Then she
remembered the open chest.

"Our money will be burned," she groan-
ed. "We'll never get out of debt now."

But while she trembled and waited, the
wind above increased to a hurricane. A
billow of flame rolled above them, accom-
panied by a sullen roar as of a monster's
rage at the partial escape of its prey. De-
scending whiffs of smoke and ashes nearly
suffocated them, and the children began to
cry. Mrs. Willard, thinking of Jess, could
only murmur over and over again:

"Poor boy—poor boy—poor boy!"

Meanwhile the lad, measuring with his
eye the nearing line of fire, ran into the
house, rearing directly with something
which he thrust under his coat. He started
back to the well, but another instant con-
vinced him that he could not reach that
haven in time. The fire was nearly there.
His power and fury were simply terrible.

Great areas of tall grass were whirled up
into an endless crest of rolling flames that
seemed to lap up the very earth be-
neath.

He turned with a half sob, and ran back
to the house. It was built of dry pine upon
wooden blocks and covered with a tempo-
rary roof of thatch. There was absolutely
no safety there.

Hardly conscious of aught now but a
frantic fear, he hurried down by the cowpen
where several head of cattle were plunging
about. He threw down the bars to give
them a chance, though it seemed as if none
but winged creatures could escape the de-
vouring monster behind. The cattle made
for the creek bottom. Jess thought of the
shallow well there. Could he reach it, there
was yet a bare chance to save himself by
plunging into the water. But, looking
back as he ran, he saw that he would be
overtaken. The house and haystack were

already swallowed up behind that moving
wall of flame and smoke.

What could he do? It was terrible to
have to face, in utter helplessness, such a
death. He stumbled over something and
fell. It was the hide of the steer slaughter-
ed by Mr. Willard, and which Jess, before
this, should have stretched out to dry. There
was a small bare space of trampled earth
around, the hide was still wet and might not
burn. He shook it out and crawled under it,
nervously tucking the edges about his ex-
tremities as he lay with his face to the
ground.

While he worked the heat suddenly grew
stifling. Then the awful roar swept down
upon him and he could not breathe. The
sizzling hide appeared to shrivel, and the
scorching sense of suffocation became in-
tolerable. Then he remembered no more.

Half an hour later Mr. Willard, accom-
panied by his neighbor Scott, galloped upon
the scene. The poor man was half crazed
with anxiety, but soon they heard Mrs.
Willard calling from the dry well. A few
minutes later he was embracing his wife
and children as they stood upon the scorched
and blackened earth.

"This is a sad sight, Ellen," said he,
pointing to the still burning ruins around.

"The money is gone, too, I reckon!"

"If it hadn't been for Jess we wouldn't
of us been left alive. Oh, Silas!" her
voice rose under a sudden renewal of terror.

"Where can he be? He ran back at the last
moment, spite of all I could say. I'll never
forgive myself for mistrusting that boy."

"I'm afraid it's all up with him," return-
ed Mrs. Scott dejectedly. "The fire must have
come up mighty sudden. Scott here, over-
took me half way to Sherman to let me
know. It missed his place, but cut us off
from coming here till now. We met the
cattle. Perhaps Jess ran back to let them
out. I'm afraid, though, that there's no
chance for the boy."

Yet they saw no dreadful sign of Jess
about the ruins of the house. He must have
gone on. Beyond the cowpen they saw the
blackened hide of the steer, with the hair
scorched away. Silas gave it a kick as they
were passing, exposing a human foot. He
uttered a cry and pulled the skin aside.

There lay poor Jess upon his face like a
dead. His hair was singed and his clothing
scorched. Mrs. Willard raised the boy up
and placed his head in her lap. The move-
ment exposed the buckskin bag of money,
which he had evidently sought, by lying up-
on it, to preserve to the last.

"Water, Silas!" cried his wife, as her eyes
filled with motherly tears. "If he dies I'll
never forgive myself."

Water was brought from the well in the
bottom.

"Silas," said Mrs. Willard, as they all
labored to restore the boy, "he must have
gone back for that." She pointed to the
bag of buckskins. "I've feared for some
time he knew where it was, and the thought,
God forgive me, used to make me uneasy.
But I'll make it up to him; I'll be a mother
to him if he'll only live."

When Jess revived his first inquiry was
after the money; then his eyes rested upon
Mrs. Willard and the children. Then he
smiled.

"Lucky I didn't dry out that hide," he
murmured.

In the course of time Silas Willard re-
covered from his losses and his substance
rapidly increased. Jess, loved and trusted
now, remained with him and came to man-
hood. When the farm grew into a great
cattle ranch and Mr. Willard moved to
Sherman he was made general manager.

"And a better manager and a truer man
never walked," was Mrs. Willard's perpe-
tual verdict.

Jess never let the hold upon the mother's
heart which his courage and devotion had
won for him during that terrible day.—
William Perry Brown, in *Yankee Blade*.

Continental Money.

The condition of American finances in
1890 was simply horrible. The "greenback"
depression possessed people's minds even
more strongly than in the days following
our civil war. Pelatiah Webster, the ablest
political economist in America at that time,
a thinker far in advance of his age, was al-
most alone in insisting upon taxation. The
popular feeling was expressed by a delegate
in Congress who asked, with unpeppable
scoff, why he should vote to tax the people,
when a Philadelphia printing press could
turn out money by the bushel. But indeed
Congress had no power to lay any tax, save
through requisitions upon the State govern-
ments. There seemed to be no alternative
but to go on issuing the "safest possible cur-
rency," because "nobody could take it out
of the country." As Webster truly said, the
country had suffered more from this cause
than from the arms of the enemy. At the
end of 1878, the paper dollar was worth
17 cents in the Northern States and 12 cents
in the South. Early in 1890 its value had
fallen to two cents, and before the end it
took 10 paper dollars to make a cent. In
October, Indian corn sold wholesale in Bos-
ton for \$150 a bushel, butter was \$12 a pound,
tea \$90, sugar \$10, beef \$8, coffee \$12, and
a barrel of flour cost \$1,575. Samuel Adams
paid \$3,000 for a hat and suit of clothes.
The money soon ceased to circulate, de-
bts could not be collected and there was a
general prostration of credit. To say that a
thing was "not worth a Continental" be-
came the strongest possible expression of contempt.
A barber in Philadelphia papered his shop
with bills, and a dog was led up and down
the streets smeared with tar, with this un-
happy money sticking all over him, a sorry
substitute for the golden-fleeced sheep of the
old Norse legend. Save for the scanty pit-
ances of gold which came in from the French
alliance, from the little foreign commerce
that was left and from trade with the British
army itself, the country was without any
circulating medium. In making its requisitions
upon the States, Congress resorted to a
measure which reminds one of the barbaric
ages of barbarism. Instead of asking for money,
it requested the State to send in their
"specific supplies" of beef and pork, flour
and rice, salt and hay, tobacco and rum.
The finances of what was so soon to become
the richest of nations were thus managed on
the principle whereby the meager salaries of
country clergymen in New England used to
be eked out. It might have been called a
financial system of "donation parties."

—John Fiske, in *September Atlantic*.

WHAT CURES?

Editorial Difference of Opinion on an Im-
portant Subject.

What is the force that ousts disease; and
which is the most convenient apparatus for
applying it? How far is the regular physi-
cian useful to us because we believe in him,
and how far are his pills and powders and
tonics only the material representatives of his
personal influence on our health?

The regular doctors cure; the homeopathic
doctors cure; the Hahnemannians cure; and
so do the faith cures and the mind cures,
and the so-called Christian scientists, and
the four-dollar-and-a-half advertising litera-
ture, and the patent medicine men. They
all hit, and they all miss, and the great dif-
ference—one great difference—in the result
is that when the regular doctors lose a pa-
tient no one grumbles, and when the irregu-
lar doctors lose one the community stands
on end and howls.—*Rochester Union and
Advertiser*.

Nature cures, but nature can be aided,
hindered or defeated in the curative process.
And the *Commercialist*'s contention is that it
is the part of rational beings to seek and
trust the advice of men of good character
who have studied the human system and
learned, as far as modern science lights
the way, how far they can aid nature and
how they can best avoid obstructing her.—
Buffalo Commercial.

It is not our purpose to consider the evils
that result from employing the unscrupulous,
the ignorant, charlatans, and quacks to pre-
scribe for the maladies that afflict the human
family. We simply declare that the physi-
cian who knows something is better than the
physician who knows nothing, or very
little indeed about the structure and the
conditions of the human system. Of course
he does not know it all.—*Rochester Jour-
nal Herald*.

I have used Warner's Safe Cure and but
for its timely use would have been, I verily
believe, in my grave from what the doctors
termed Bright's Disease.—D. F. Shriner,
senior Editor *Scioto Gazette*, Chillicothe,
Ohio, in a letter dated Oct. 30, 1890.

A BOSTON GREENHORN.

How He Was Duped by a Shrewd Ad-
vertiser's Guide.

They tell a good story of a Boston
merchant at the Adirondack last
year, says Forest and Stream. He was
particularly anxious to kill a
deer. He employed "one of the best
guides in the region," and they jacked
and jacked nearly all night, amid great
suffering of the would-be shooter. Not a
deer did they see nor hear. The shoot-
er was nearly dead from sitting in one
position. Toward morning they passed
a swampy place, and there was a rustling
in the reeds. The guide asked in a
short whisper if the shooter heard it.
He did hear it, and his teeth were al-
ready chattering with buck fever, or
with cold, he could not tell which. He
signified his willingness to shoot by the
trembling of the gun in his unsteady
hands. The guide again whispered that
the rustling was a deer, and for the mer-
chant to watch for eyes, but if he
could not see any eyes to shoot as near
as he could at the sound. At the same
time the guide suggested the caution
that the shooter should be careful
and not shoot him. The hunter fired.
The echoes awoke, and the splashing
and rustling ceased. The guide told the
merchant that he had shot a deer, and
"by the sound" he judged that it was a
large buck. He had doubtless secured a
beautiful pair of antlers. But the swamp
was so thick and of such a nature that
it would not be possible to get the deer,
but when winter came the place would
freeze over, and then the horns and hide
could be secured. He would take the
earliest opportunity to get them and for-
ward them to Boston. The merchant
came home in the full faith of his suc-
cess. When cold weather came he daily
expected the horns. The express was
watched, but they have not come to
hand. Later in the winter he learned
that some guides arranged with another
guide to go into the swamp, get behind
a tree, so as to be safe from the shot,
and then to rustle and splash till the
tenderfoot shoots. After which all is
still, and the tenderfoot is satisfied. He
has shot a deer. Now that merchant
does not care to have his friends men-
tion the pair of horns he expected.

EVERY-DAY ETIQUETTE.

Ten Rules of Politeness for Little Prince
and Princess Charming.

A writer in the *New York World*
says:

Do not beat a tattoo with your feet
when in company with others; nor whis-
tle; nor hum a tune; nor drum with your
fingers upon conversation objects. Rubbing
Complete your toilet in the privacy
of your own room. If the nose, ears
and finger tips must be cleaned, per-
form these operations elsewhere than in
public.

Try not to gape, hiccup or sneeze in
company.

Resist the desire to caress the face
with the hands. Either the face or the
hands is sure to suffer in appearance
by being brought together. Rubbing
the eyes, smoothing the forehead, and
patting the mouth add nothing to per-
sonal beauty.

Never sit with the legs crossed.

When asked to play or sing, do not
refuse if you intend to perform. It is
bad manners to urge a guest, and
worse manners for a guest to show
vanity and caprice by "waiting to be
coaxed."

CHUNKY TOWLES

EXPANDED PHYSICAL DEBILITY UNTOLD MISERIES

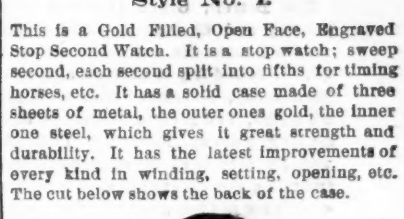
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Time Your Horses!

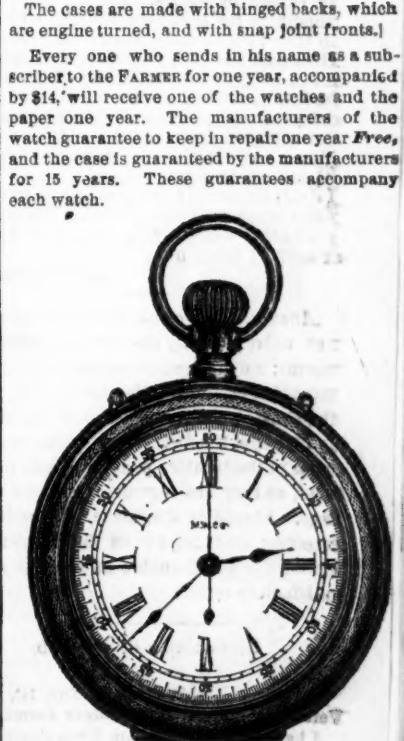
Recognizing the great interest which is felt in

10

Recognizing the great interest which is felt in our State regarding the breeding and development of the American trotter, and the general demand which exists for a reliable time keeper at a very low price, which will enable a breeder to test the speed of his young animal, we have contracted with the Manhattan Watch Co., of New York City, to supply subscribers to **THE FARMER** with such a watch, and at a cost which will enable every young man to secure one. We have selected two styles, from which a choice can be made.



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